

GREAT TOPICAL HIT



# "He Ain't In It"

AS · SONG · BY · THE · PLAIN · COMEDIAN

CHARLIE REED

✦ IN THE "CITY & DIRECTORY" ✦

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

PHILIP HASTINGS

SAN FRANCISCO:

J. P. BRODER & CO.

723 Larkin Street.

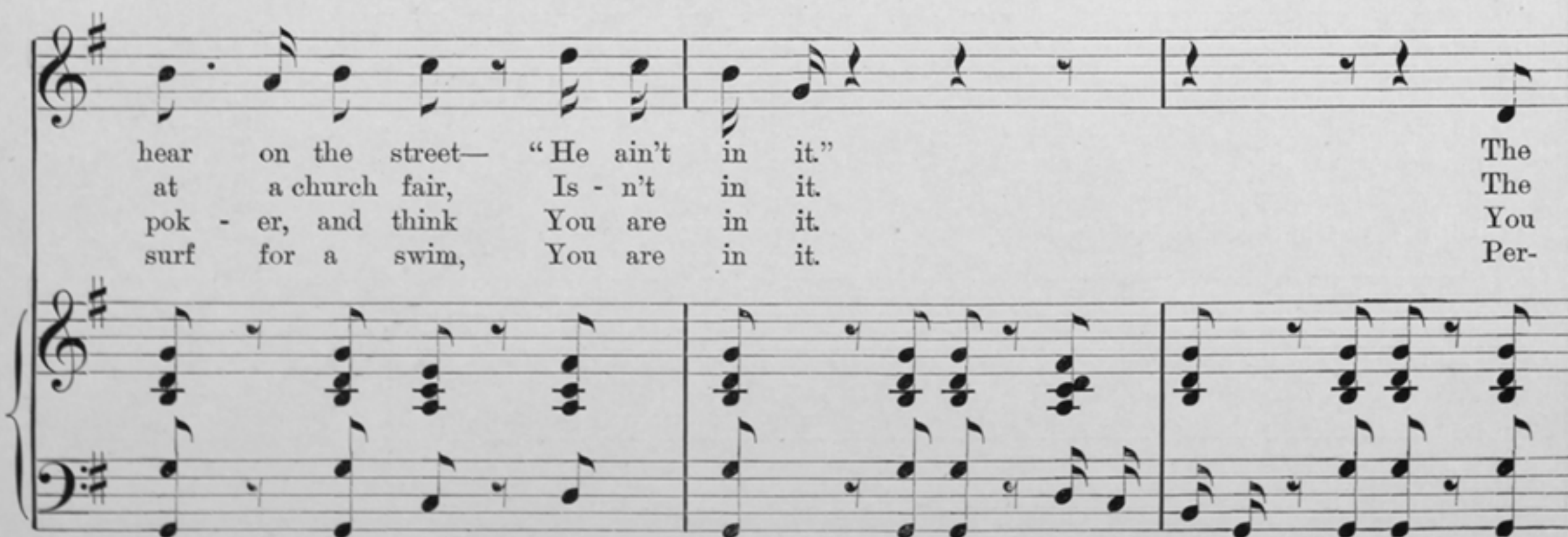
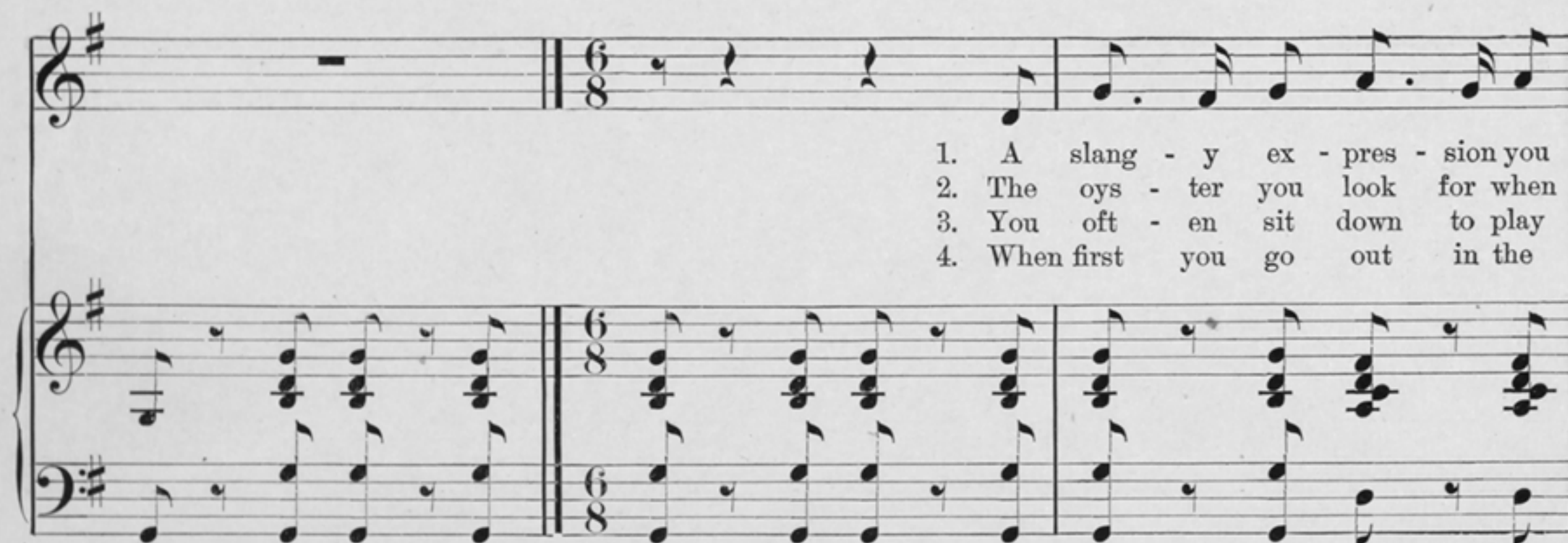
# "HE AIN'T IN IT."

Words and Music by PHILIP HASTINGS.

## INTRODUCTION.



1. A slang - y ex - pres - sion you
2. The oys - ter you look for when
3. You oft - en sit down to play
4. When first you go out in the



small boy re - marks, whom you hap - pen to meet, "You ain't in it."  
 soup is all right, but the oys - ter's not there— It ain't in it.  
 mer - ri - ly chat and most know - ing - ly wink, And you're in it.  
 haps you are fat, and per - haps you are slim, But you're in it.

This by - word is tru - ly a ver - y good thing, It's  
 At your board - ing house, too, when your din - ner you take, You are  
 But all of a sud - den there is a jack - pot, You  
 The girls all de - clare you are aw - ful - ly sweet, Your

short, and it has an ap - pro - pri - ate ring. Of some peo - ple and things I will  
 passed what is la - bel'd "straw - ber - ry short cake," You search for the ber - ry all  
 draw to three a - ces and get one more spot, But the "cops" ramble in and yank  
 bath - ing suit is ver - y nob - by and neat, But it sud - den - ly rips from the

now sweet-ly sing, Who ain't in it.  
o - ver your plate— It ain't in it.  
in the whole lot— You ain't in it.  
neck to the seat— You ain't in it!

*ad lib.* *ff*

### ENCORE VERSES.

-5-

A short time ago I went out to a brook,  
And looked in it.  
The water was tempting with no one to look—  
I jumped in it!  
But some tramps came along in a very short time,  
They stole all my clothes and my watch and last dime,  
I went home in a barrel, and though cover'd with lime,  
I was in it.

-6-

You are deeply in love with a maiden most fair,  
And you're in it!  
To her back yard each ev'ning you swiftly repair,  
And you're in it.  
But one fateful ev'ning disaster you meet—  
Pa turns loose the bull-dog, you beat a retreat—  
You still have your trowsers, but where is the seat?  
It ain't in it!

-7-

A young dude sits in the front row ev'ry night,  
And he's in it.  
To gaze at the chorus girls is his delight,  
And he's in it.  
From one of them finally he gets a smile,  
He waits at the stage door, she comes after 'while,  
She's aged about forty, says, "Good-night, my child,  
You ain't in it."

*Ain't in it 43-3*

-8-

If you really admire this beautiful tune,  
Then I'm in it.  
So I'll tell you about the man in a balloon,  
Who was in it.  
He went up so easily, high in the air,  
But sad my narration, he did not take care—  
As he fell to the earth he remarked, "I declare,  
I ain't in it."

-9-

You dream of the number that wins the grand prize,  
You are in it.  
You buy the whole ticket, a big twenty flies,  
You are in it.  
The list soon arrives, how your fingers do itch,  
Your mind is wrought up to a terrible pitch,  
But the number you think is to make you so rich  
Isn't in it.

-10-

You people down there in the audience, of course,  
All are in it.  
You laugh and you howl till you make yourselves hoarse,  
But you're in it.  
But here I stand gloomily grinding out rhyme  
While up to high "C" I endeavor to climb.  
I now will announce for the very last time,  
I ain't in it.